THE OBSERVER.

BY BEATRICE IRONSIDE.

THE FRIEND OF SOCRATES, THE FRIEND OF PLATO,
BUT ABOVE ALL, THE FRIEND OF TRUTH.

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FOR THE OBSERVER.

BULLETIN OF THE SYLPH.

"*Castigat ridendo mores*"
"In laughing I correct the times."

The poor SYLPH then, is dead indeed, since in vain have I so long sought to discover his traces. Ah! beauteous nymphs of America, breathe at least one sigh; since he, who worshipped and who sung your graces, is no more! And who more than he, an ancient inhabitant of Greece, could appreciate the elegance of your forms; the roseate bloom of your complexions; the vivacity of your love-darting looks; the delicate hue and shape of your lovely hands, which like those of the Venus de Medicis herself, would divert us for a moment from still more heavenly charms. Who better than our Sylph, knew the value of the profound and inexhaustible art with which you braid your luxuriant tresses, and the seducing skill with which you arrange those transparent veils, pierced by the lightening of your glances; as the rays of the setting sun sparkle through the foliage of a bower; but what shall I say of those picturesque folds which shade such beauties, that when the saucy zephyrs play within the mazes of the flowing robe, enchant the eye of the painter, inflame the genius of the poet, and disturb the reason of all!

And you philosophers and patriots of septentrion America, suspend for a moment the fume of your segars, your chewing, drinking, and even meditations on the price of coffee, to say at least *requiescat in pace!* (may he sleep in peace) for he, too, desired the glory and welfare of your country.

And you too, refined and delicate souls, abandon yourselves to your sensibility, you who have so often and so bitterly wept, when perchance you have lost a dollar, or missed the opportunity of gaining one! for this poor Sylph has died of *ennui!* ah! you will not learn it without pain; disgust dissolved his heart; his genius died of inanition; his soul was bruized by the unpitying strokes of folly and impertinence; and his faculties extinguished by the forlorness of his fate; in these heavy regions he expired, like the palpitating bird, which suffocates to death in the pneumatic machine.

And could he live amongst the men of the 19th century, he, whom the injustice of individuals revolted, as much as the violence of tyrants! how was it possible for him to avoid stifling, or falling into a consumption, when the whole universe re-echoed, but with the triumph of villainy, and delicacy and refinement were banished from the earth; when daring and successful *crime* received the cringing bows and prostrations of mortals, and fugitive honour was overwhelmed with humiliations? It was in vain that he had hoped to find, in the peaceful desarts of *Columbia*, some solace to the bitterness of his recollections. He had painted to himself our forests, like the romantic groves of Cytherea; our soldiery like that of Athens; our public festivals he thought must rival the Olympic games; so much did his ardent imagination delight in noble images, and in such high colours did it paint to him the *all-powerful* influence of liberty.

But a Bœtian and not an ethereal being, could alone resist the reality that awakened him from this enchanting dream. He found peace it is true in our solitudes, but then it was for him, the silence of the tomb; his senses were eternally struck with the most overwhelming sensations! the hissings and croakings of an immense number of venemous reptiles, ever grated on his ear; his eye was unceasingly shocked by the sight of a crowd of amphibious creatures, mischievous and hideous, and from whose tooth and sting his imperceptibility scarcely defended him. If to charm away his ennui, he would sometimes strike those airs, whose harmonious accents he still retained from the time of his halcyon days, the jealous and troublesome murmurs of a cloud of disgusting insects, would very soon force sighs of indignation, to succeed the sweet remembrances of Thessaly!

Therefore, most probably the Sylph is no more; at least for this earth; for Jupiter cannot certainly be so cruel, as to send him to suffer here anew!

I was just so far in my reflections, and in the funeral oration of our ærial friend, when suddenly a pain of glass was broken with a loud noise in my chamber in giving way to a little package that entered my nocturnal asylum, and falling on my taper completely extinguished it. Heaven be good to you, gentle watchmen, cried I; it would be much better if you would watch in silence for evil doers, than be forever quavering like Orpheus through the streets; for it was one of those hours, when these sleep-walking centinels, repeat their sepulchral litanies; and when it is neither prudent nor obliging to peep through our neighbour's key-holes, to know if they have lights..... I hastily looked out to see if I could discover the knave that had amused himself with breaking my windows and putting out my candle, but the street was as dark as an abyss, and this was because it was then *full moon*; you will say this is not too intelligible, but here you will remember we are never in such danger of getting broken bones, or of killing ourselves in the streets as in the

time the moon shines ; because our sapient corporation pretend that then we see plainly enough by *right*, and that it is much less injurious to society that an honest man should be killed when the weather is dark, than that a quart of oil should be used to preserve him from accident. A single phrase would have been enough for the glory of *Turenne : men are precious*, said he ; but oil is much more so, say our economical administrators ! However, distinguishing neither heaven nor earth, and being without my phosphorus, I felt about for the ball which had menaced my head a moment before, and after some search I found it. It was enveloped in a kind of paper. I confess, at first, I really was afraid it might contain some school-boy's *trick* ; but like a prudent person who takes all necessary precautions, to assure himself of the nature of a thing he would touch in the drak, and to which however, he does not much like putting a finger, I by degrees familiarised myself with the article, and ventured to take it in my hand ; and as from its weight it did not appear to be dangerous to the nose, I applied it to my olfactory nerves, and perceived nothing unpleasant, which still further excited my curiosity. Is it then a tender declaration or a rendezvous, that is sent me by this clumsy messenger ? The deuce forever eclipse the moon, cried I, since but for her I should see plain enough, thanks to the lanthorn that decorates the opposite pavement, and so agreeably illumines my dormitory.

This manner of expediting billet doux, appears to me a little rough, and not less imprudent. How many others in my place would have passed in review the whole list of belles of their acquaintance, to delight themselves with the idea of all that the magic effect of a well-tied cravat, a pair of new boots, a prancing horse, and a well furnished purse had produced on the hearts of the fair, but I went quietly to sleep, entering at first in my arm-chair, it is true, into a whole chapter of conjectures.

A blow which struck my toe as I slept, awoke me with a start ; I for a moment, suspected another attempt against my life : but as it was already day, I discovered it was only the pacquet I held in my hand when I went to sleep, which had fallen down, and occasioned my second inquietude. I was therefore in very great haste to pick up my parcel, and quickly removing its cover, I found only a grey-stone, something resembling a *touch stone*. The cover soon caught my attention, I thought I saw writing on it, I was not wrong, for in fact it contained characters, tho' almost imperceptible. But what was my astonishment, when looking at the head of the epistle, I found these words: FROM THE MOON. What sort of joke is this cried I : I looked again, and clearly distinguished what follows : " Yes, I am now in the " moon, dear friend of the Sylphs ! it is your sylphic friend " himself who conveys you a word of remembrance, by this new " line of communication.

Heigh, what's all this cried I ; it is truly very whimsical ! ha !

I remember, but faith I had almost forgotten that sometime ago *it rained stones from the moon*; the national institute of France does not doubt it. It rained stones too in Sweden, why should it not do so here? Ah! great God! Where shall we hide ourselves in this lower world, to escape broken heads, if the inhabi tants of the moon take a fancy to establishing a correspondence with us, by so rough a conveyance! Besides who knows where this innovation of the *gravity* of planets will stop! Who knows what may henceforth fall from the moon upon our noses, if unfortunately, the custom in that country should be like that of some of the fine cities in Europe, where every evening passengers are exposed to receiving so odoriferous a shower from the windows, that it is hardly possible to touch them with a pair of tongs!

This is not all; what will become of the sciences, if the astronomers of our time, and of future ages, henceforth run such risks in looking at the *rays of the moon*, that they can no longer pursue their researches.

But courage, said I to myself, let us read the rest.....I read and could no longer doubt that this mournful epistle was really expedited to me from my former friend the *Sylph*, on whom I was thinking precisely at the moment his postilion so awkardly broke my window, and put out my light.

I will very soon make known to you the extraordinary event that carried him so far; and all the details he transmitted me from his *luminous country*.

For the Observer.

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FINE ARTS.

Mr. Neninnger's concert as we have already observed, took place on Thursday the 11th, and was rendered delightful by the united exertions of the most distinguished talents in the musical art. The first professional performers as well as the ablest amateurs of our city, lent their concurrence to its success...this will be sufficiently evident when we enumerate amongst others who seconded Mr. Neninnger's views, Mr. Gillingham, first violin of the theatre, whose charming execution has been long known; Mr. Hupfeldt, senior, Mr. B*** on the bass violin and Mr. S*** on the flute. It was impossible not to admire the graceful ease of Mr. Neninnger's execution, and the perfection of his taste particularly in the second piece, as well as in the general selection of compositions chosen for the evening's performance.

The amateurs, (those at least who did not chatter the whole time of the performance) observed with new pleasure Mr. Gillingham's admirable skill, and only regretted that they heard him so little: the reunion of two virtuosos, such as Mr. Gillingham and Mr. Neninnger, would have been truly rare in our *new world*.

It would be difficult for us to pronounce on Mr. Webster's voice and method of singing; we have here too few points of comparison, *and Italy is too far removed from us*, to enable us competently to judge of his merit. It is, however, impossible that without a considerable degree of natural talent and some science, he could do what he does. Nevertheless it really is to be desired that he would not distort his features with the horrible grimaces he makes whilst singing...and that in his trills he would not assume the appearance of *gargling* his throat with his notes, nor make his transitions so sudden and unequal...we have observed him on the stage as well as in the present instance, and in viewing the contortions of his body, and the contraction of his muscles, (when he would astonish the natives by the wonders of his skill) our imagination has always presented us the agreeable idea, of a man labouring under the operation of a strong emetic.

Mr. Jefferson, in his song was all himself. Genuine humour breathed in every note, and beamed in every variation of his truly comic countenance...he was perfectly unaffected, and consequently, so much more excellent.

But it was in the military marches, it was discoverable how truly we are *pacific*. A kettle on one side, a pair of tongs on another; these were the substitutes, they were obliged to use, to serve as kettle drums, cymbals and the triangle! but time is necessary for all things; and until Bellona brandishes her torch amongst us, we must be contented to do without martial music, as well as a great many other graces and charms which characterise a nation at once enlightened and warlike, but which are doubtless attended with their concomitant evils. It would be perhaps a subject that would admit of much curious and interesting disquisition, whether the cupidity, the dearth of taste, and the insignificance that generally mark a mere trafficking nation, together with the tranquillity that usually prevails in unambitious states, are to be preferred to the proud love of glory, the bold and aspiring genius, and the high cultivation of the elegancies of art, which distinguish a people both belligerous and civilized. However, to return to our concert, we will add that notwithstanding the inconveniences resulting from the want of these instruments, the scientifick ear recognised the powerful execution which distinguishes German musicians...thus much, as far as regards what we have *heard*; it remains for us to speak of what we have *seen*.

In despite, then, of what a writer in one of the papers has advanced to prove, that we are not in the *Siberia of the arts*; we repeat in the first place that the disposal of the two hundred tickets of which he speaks, form no very honourable meed for the talents of Mr. Neninnger; because virtuosos of the first order are not to be engaged to give eclat to a concert, on the same terms that a fiddler is hired to scrape for an evening at an alehouse.

In order that the author of this article may discover whether

he, or we best appreciated in this case, *the astonishing progress of taste* amongst us, we must state, *that more than half the room was occupied by strangers*; that there were not fifty ladies present, and that to place the 200 tickets, it was necessary to recruit with as much pains and trouble, as it would cost to raise 200,000 men in some countries of the world.

Music, painting and poetry are sister arts, and have therefore one common cause. In speaking of the first, we are under the necessity of saying a few words of the second; and it is again to a refutation we find in another paper of some reflexions we have made, to which we think it incumbent on us to reply.

The author may be enraptured with the magnificent picturesque productions which Mr. Cole has in his store, this is no reason, why we should change our opinion.

In the first place it would be well to know, whether the writer who extols Mr. Guy as so great a *painter*, knows what a *good painting* is.

For us who have never been enabled to devote ourselves to the acquirement of the knowledge necessary to constitute a judge of painting, we content ourselves with recurring to the decision of such persons, as have an acknowledged and established right of pronouncing on these points.

They will say then that the genius of Mr. Guy is a wild plant; that nature had intended him for a landscape painter, as is evident by the pretty fresco's he has painted at the Fountain-Inn; but they will also say, that he has not studied, that from want of encouragement reduced to the necessity of making coats and pantaloons, he has not had it in his power to cultivate his talent, nor has he made a single striking step in the art.... They will say, that his compositions, very far from being original, are only a sort of Mosaic, drawn from compositions well known and even engraved, of several celebrated painters of landscapes and sea-views. In a word, that if Mr. Guy's genius is a diamond, it is one without polish, and which the want of encouragement must ever continue such.

Real connoisseurs will say, that as for Mr. Groombridge, he views nature with an artists' eye; that he is familiar with good schools; that he has a great deal of facility; and that to produce paintings really fine, he needs only to meet with persons sufficiently generous and discerning, to indemnify him for the time and expence the necessary studies would cost him.

Thus the writer who thought proper to tax us with severity, did not sufficiently reflect on the logical part of his article, unless he intended a sarcasm against the Baltimoreans, rather than a defence of their love of the arts: in fact, if the paintings which are placed in lottery at Mr. Cole's are *admirable*, it is then very true, that this *is the Siberia of the arts*, where the authors of such fine pieces can derive no profit from their talents, and where they

are suffered to vegetate unemployed, or are compelled to make small-clothes, to procure themselves the means of existence.

The writer of the article speaks also of the celebrated Benjamin West. But indeed we would ask him, if this is not meant for a jest. We ought not even to pronounce his name, any more than that of Trumbull, another painter of eminent genius, to whose pencil we owe the deaths of *Montgomery* and *Warren*, since they so sensibly remind us, that if Benjamin West, and Trumbull had remained amongst us, they would have found neither masters, nor models, nor rivalship to develope their natural talents, nor any encouragement to reward those they might acquire. Such is the estimation of talent here even at present, that we have a portrait painter, now exercising his art, to whom much *merit is attributed*...and yet his portraits are rewarded with less than is paid for the *gilt* frames in which the *pictures he takes are set*.

If we have only to boast of their having been born on our soil, this pride has a very slight foundation ; because the country that may justly boast of great men, is that where they have been formed, and appreciated according to their merit.

Suppose for instance, an Iroquois Indian should come amongst us in his youth, and learn to read, to write, and even to *cast accounts*, should we not laugh at his fellow savages, who should say puffing with pride, " How learned are the Iroquois, " since an Iroquois has learned to read amongst a people at an " immense distance from us, and who have schools that we have " not yet."

This country is too young, it will be said, for it to be otherwise ; well be it so ! but then let it not exalt itself as high, or higher in its own conceit, than all the nations grown old in the cultivation of the sciences and the arts !

The writer of this article has not then been very happy in the choice of his examples ; and we will repeat on this subject what was said some months ago by an English amateur on the subject of West, " *that had he remained in this country, he would have died of hunger, disgust and neglect.*"(1)

If any think they have better reasons to advance than these, they will gratify us much by favouring us with them ; and we believe ourselves sufficiently well founded in our opinion, to engage in a discussion on this vast subject, where ample materials will not be wanting.

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(1) Companion, No. 48,—27th September, 1806.

FOR THE OBSERVER.

ARCHITECTURE.

According to the request made to all the printers of Savannah, Charleston, Baltimore, Washington, Philadelphia, New-York and Boston, the newspapers have just published an adver-

tisement addressed to *Architects*. Its object is to excite their emulation by the allurement of a prize of one hundred dollars, destined for him whose taste, *that is to say, whose plans* shall most please the society who propose building a church at *Augusta*. I have said *his plans*, because as for taste and talent, it is necessary to comprehend in what they consist to know how to judge of them, but every body can chuse a plan, should it even be the most indifferent ; therefore, to admit a plan, and duly to appreciate skill, are quite two different things.

They also require an estimate ; this is very natural ; but then they explain themselves much too indeterminately with regard to the dimensions of the church, when they speak of an hundred pews intended to contain from six to eight persons, which makes a difference of more than a fourth : and this difference becomes much more incommensurable when we reflect on that which the variety of *embonpoints* must occasion in *seats*.

It would then have been much better simply to have stated the length, breadth, and heighth required for the edifice : have mentioned whether they wanted galleries, aisles, or that it should be all in one piece. It is therefore very difficult to guess what estimate would suit the *unknown* views of the congregation.

The advertisement does not speak, either, of the style of the building.

Is it to be Egpytian ? Greek ? Italian ? Gothic ? Chinese or *American ?* Is it to be devoted to the Episcopal, Quaker, Jewish, or Roman worship ?

It will be perhaps conceived, that these various forms require different distributions or decorations, and very different expences also. This second negligence therefore is not best calculated to embarrass the *architect* in his *plans* than is the first in his *calculations*.

The only condition mentioned, is that the church is to be airy ? Ah ! I see now what is wanted...a great barn all in one, with windows on every side, like the rest of the buildings which exist here. Well then, let them take a tin lanthern as a model ! it will just answer the end and save the congregation the sum of a hundred dollars.

I will add, even at the risk of giving offence, that this kind of competition cannot suit any one of distinguished talents, who, as says the sage, has the "recollection of all the nights, he has watched and toiled in pursuit of knowledge."

In the first place, because no man of genius chooses to expose himself to see the preference given to an ignoramus over himself by a ridiculous decision, which would degrade him.

Secondly, because to estimate the merit of a conception and the skill of an *artist*, it is necessary to know how to judge of them.

Thirdly, because no one chooses to expose himself to have his ideas stolen and copied by novices or envious blockheads, who

not knowing in what their value consists, sacrifice without hesitation, all that want of taste induces them to think defective; and who, in what they retain of a project they have disfigured, do like the jay in the fable who decorated himself with the magnificent plumes of the peacock!

I think then I may venture to announce to the carpenters, masons, joiners and shinglers of the United States, that the architects and engineers leave them the prize, and even all the immortality which will be doubtless attached to the enterprise proposed by the congregation of Augusta.

DEMOCRITUS..

POLITICAL.

FOR THE OBSERVER.

FRANCE....*(Continued.)*

Might I not further speak of the mountebank Neckar, and *Barras,* the modern *Sardanapalus?* The first died disgraced, hated and despised, after having abused the confidence of a credulous nation, who had honoured him like a God; after having plunged a patriot king who had been anxious only for the welfare of his people, into an abyss of misfortunes. The second was overthrown by Buonaparte, whose protector he had been, and whose fortune he had made; and when I give him the name of Sardanapalus, I certainly do him too much honour; since the ancient model of effeminacy and voluptuousness had at least dignity enough to bury himself under the ruins of his palace, rather than survive the loss of his power, whilst Barras, incapable of defending, for a moment the authority he had found it convenient to usurp, suffered himself to be driven away like a menial, to drag out the rest of his days in exile, which he may yet finish, to debase by the vilest and most infamous debauches!

I could also recal the death of viscount Beauharnois, first husband of the *empress Josephine,* who from a Sybarite adored by the female sex, became a legislator; and then from deputy of the French nobility, became a Carmagnole general, of the army of the Rhine; publickly voted the suspension of Louis XVI. from the royal functions, after his flight to Varennes in 1791: and whose *friends* sent among the first to the scaffold.

The siege of Toulon is sufficiently known, since it was there that Buonaparte performed his first feats in arms.....General Cartaux, in conjunction with Barras and the deputy *Freron,* contributed by every means to reduce the Toulonese and the other insurgents of the south to obedience to Robespierre and the convention: but he paid with his head this service then so important, since, could the insurgents of the south have sustained themselves and operated their junction with those of the west, all would have been over with the revolution. As for Freron, so

well known by his incendiary writings and discourses, he was sent to St. Domingo with general Le Clerc, where the epidemic very soon carried him off, as has been hoped for by those who had dispatched him there to get rid of him.

Jourdan, surnamed the *coupe tete* (decapitator), general of the revolutionary army of Avignon, underwent the same fate with Beauharnois and Cartaux ; Rebec, who had presided at the horrible assassinations of the *ice-house* at *Avignon*, drowned himself, whilst L'Huillier, who had been one of the ordainers of the Septembrisages, killed himself also in his prison. (1)

I could also call attention to the execrable crowd of villains, who after having betrayed the malcontents of every different opinion and the various parties all over France, as well as Switzerland and Italy, daily end their abominable lives in dungeons, where the just contempt of the French government has plunged them, as soon as they had ceased to be useful to it, and could no longer sacrifice to it generous victims. I know a hundred examples of this nature, but which cannot be detailed here ; the care I have taken to state so many facts, periods and names, should serve to convince that I am competent to prove in an incontestible manner, what is here only generally indicated, and which the nature of this essay, could have alone prevented me from doing at greater length.

But, after having shewn by all these circumstances, the bitter fruits which the artizans of all this disorder and desolation have gathered from their mania of innovation and cupidity ; what has been the result of the machiavelick calculations which have so dishonoured the cause of the coalesced powers ; after having presented a view of the shameful conduct of the European governments; of the remarkable fate of the French armies, as well as that of individuals, in the midst of these great crisis, it is incumbent on me to give the last touch to the picture (which will perhaps be one day more appreciated.) It remains for me to trace a slight sketch of the fate of that nation, which has been at once the cause and the victim of so many calamities. I shall not fear delaying for some moments the conclusion of my reflections; because, as a feeling and eloquent orator has said, " when those " crimes or those events, which interest all humanity are " in question, all nations form but one family ; because " nature has established secret relations between all honest " men ; these calamities then are felt like those convulsions

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(1) There was near the Legate's palace at Avignon, an ice house, into which the revolutionary committee ordered a quantity of lime to be thrown, and then cast in *alive* about 60 persons. Amongst the remains which was afterwards found unconsumed, was the arm of a respectable aged priest, the hand still grasping a crucifix. They also discovered with horrour, the deplorable remains of a pregnant woman !

"of the globe, which carry dismay even into those regions "which have not felt its ravages."(1)

Who, then, could be so blind to the real state of the French nation, and so dazzled by its military triumphs, as in attending minutely to it, not to be alarmed, both by what it at present experiences, and has constantly undergone for eighteen years, and that which awaits it indubitably!

For fifteen years it is true, notwithstanding the vicissitudes inseparable from a war, in which every one of those who entered the lists employed their utmost means, France has invariably crushed her adversaries. She has forced them all, not even excepting the haughty Albion, to acknowledge and consecrate all the forms of government; all the innovations she has introduced; *for the title alone, and not the power and legitimacy have been disputed with Buonaparte by the belligerent powers.* But it is necessary to be acquainted with France, to know at what price she has purchased her victories and the impunity of all her caprices. And who more than the French should repeat:

Quis non Latino Sanguine pinguior
Campus sepulcris impia prælia
Testatur. . . . . .
Qui gurges, ant quæ flumina lugubris
Ignara belli? Quod mare Dauniæ
Non decoloravere cædes?
Quæ caret ara cruare nostro?

And indeed, there, a war as long and sanguinary, as extended and general, as expensive and furious, as any which the page of history records, has annually decimated for fifteen years the flower of the youth and the population of France, as if to offer an everlasting and expiatory hetacomb to those sad manes, whose bones the infernal genius of the revolution has scattered, or with whose tears bedewed the whole surface of the globe. Yes, in these triumphal marches of the French armies those who truly observe will see only the spectacle of those victims, which antiquity conducted, ornamented with garlands, and to the sound of martial music to sacrifice, and to whose expiring agonies, incense and genuflexions were proffered.

On another side are the yet bleeding wounds of a horrible civil war, which ravaged a fourth of the French territory, and which could be extinguished only by force of corruption and perfidy; by force of *hypocrisy*, when ferocity despaired of vanquishing, even by destruction and lassitude.

Ah! lamentable echoes of la Vendee, Lyonnais and Provence, you yet groan from the barbarous explosion, the unheard of cruelties, and the attrocious prophanations, which shocked nature and morality during these dreadful periods, in which were so of-

(1) Funeral oration on the Duke D'Enghein, pronounced in London, the 26th of April, 1804, by the Abbe de Bouvent.

ten seen, the vanquishers carried away and confounded with the vanquished!

In changing the point of view, we behold the commerce of France, her manufactures, her colonies, her navy, and what is still worse for her, her sailors all at once destroyed.

Her arts, it is true, still shed a gleam of splendour; but like the feeble glimmer of an expiring lamp, it is evident that from want of nurture and encouragement, these rays must be their last.

Every where a system prevails, at one time of confiscation, at another of taxes equally arbitrary, which exhaust the national resources; because public wealth is composed but of the riches and competency of individuals. In short, an overwhelming despotism injures by its caprices, as much as it dishonours those who suffer it, and has never ceased since the year 1789 until the present time, necessarily to compel, from various causes, a part of the inhabitants to emigrate.

I would hasten to attain the port towards which I direct my course, but in speaking of emigration, I cannot refrain from numbering it, not only amongst the calamities that have attended France, but amongst those consequences of the revolution, which merit most attention.

In short, whatever region of the globe you visit, if you meet respectable victims of this scourge, scrutinize for a moment the causes which have driven away so many fugitives, and very soon you will discover that if their catastrophe is now the same, they have all followed different colours, and consequently those who for a time were the oppressors, often share the fate of the oppressed.

Thus a general decree of banishment seems already to have commenced its execution against the French nation; in order that this first *dispersion* like that of the JEWS, may fix universal attention upon the follies and the crimes of this insensate people, and on the variety of evils, to which are in vain refused, the stamp and title of PUNISHMENTS.

(To be concluded in our next.)

For the Observer.

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HISTORICAL EPHEMERIS.

20*th of June*, 1792...The populace commanded by Santerre the brewer, having forced the doors of the palace of the Thuilleries, without meeting any resistance, the apartments were immediately inundated by a crowd of drunken and half naked wretches. At this moment Louis the XVI. was almost alone in the midst of the mob, armed with pikes, having only three persons beside him; the old Marshall de Mouchy, a chief of battalion of the Fauxbourg St. Marceau, and also a brewer like Santerre, but

of a very different character; together with a grenadier of the national guard. The rebels placed a *bonnet rouge* on the head of the unfortunate prince, and compelled him to drink out of one of their bottles to the health OF THE NATION. It was on this occasion, that the king who hearing one of the villains who had menaced him, say he was afraid, took the hand of the grenadier who was beside him, and putting it to his breast, said to this good fellow, *"see, does my heart beat more violently than yours: when we are without reproach, we are without fear also."*

This well known circumstance cannot be remembered, without reminding us also of another which forms a striking antithesis to this, and which took place in Buonaparte's private park at St. Cloud, towards the conclusion of the year 1803.

After the beating of the drums, according to general orders, to announce to the workmen who were employed at the new decorations of the garden, that they were to retire, in order that the first consul might walk in safety; one of the men who did not go out soon enough, was met by Buonaparte, who had him arrested, and questioned with the utmost care; but as nothing was discovered in his answers, and his looks did not denote the smallest embarrassment, the consul, probably recollecting the words of Louis the XVI. ordered that to be assured of the state of his conscience, one of the guards should put his hand on his heart, and in consequence of the report made on the state of his pulse, he had him set at liberty.

The reply which the fellow made when he was freed from the hands of the grenadiers, was sometimes maliciously repeated, for one of them said to him, "you were furiously frightened, were you not?" The workman, who was very little of a courtier, replied with a great deal of simplicity, "now, it was rather *him* I believe."

FOR THE OBSERVER.

MARVELLOUS.

We hav been favoured with a translation of an article, taken from a literary paper published at Copenhagen, which appears to us worthy of being recorded, although the circumstance which it relates, occurred so long ago as in 1802. It is an account of a wonderful cure operated by the power of music, and which we think cannot fail to be interesting to naturalists, and those engaged in the healing art.

"A musician who amused himself with playing some airs on a violin, before a woman, who, for eighteen years had been paralytic in all her limbs, in consequence of a fright, he perceived that the sound of his instrument made an impression on the unfortunate creature. He continued, and the impressions became more and more sensible. In short, at the end of a little time, she entirely recovered the use of her limbs. At the

time this notice was published, she was at Schwenbourg, under the care of a distinguished physician, to prevent her falling into a relapse."

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We regret having been under the necessity of suspending the conclusion of our *valuable* correspondent Eugenio's essay. It shall certainly be published next week.

Two answers to Mr. Orum, shall likewise be attended to.

ERRATA.

No. 24, page 379, for *bullet,* read *cannon ball.*

ORIGINAL POETRY.

FOR THE OBSERVER.

.....

To give vent to those sighs which consume my sad breast,
When the moon silent shines o'er the scene,
I'll roam
Far from home,
And there lay me at rest,
And indulge in reflection, where first I express'd,
To fair Celia, my love on the green.

Ah! chang'd is the scene which once gave me such pleasure,
Since, alas! its chief object is fled—
In vain
I complain—
I drank the brim measure
Of sorrow's full cup, when I lost my heart's treasure;
When Celia, was tombed with the dead!

Yet, still sweet is this spot, tho' its queen's fled away,
When past scenes are recall'd to my mind;
Awhile
To beguile
And my pains to allay,
Do I join with the fanciful groups of the day,
There, alas! no repose do I find.

When the earth is hushed up in the stillness of night,
And sweet silence reigns over the scene;
I'll love,
Still to rove,
And enjoy the delight,
Of reflecting alone, and repose to invite,
As I sigh, but in vain, on the green.

PHILARETES.

FOR THE OBSERVER.

Mrs. Ironside,

A friend of mine, when in Scicily, was present at a festival of the peasantry in one of the villages in the interiour of the island. Their recreation consisted in dancing and singing songs of their own composing; one of which he noted down upon the spot. As it is a curiosity. and is not deficient in merit, I send it to you in the Sicilian, together with a translation.—The dialect of the island is so similar to the Italian, that any one who understands the latter will find little difficulty in making it out.)

A. B.

Oh Diu chi l'arti miu fussi pitturi!
Pinciri ti vurria lu to ritrattu.
Di pinciri ti vurria 'ntra rosi e sciuri,
L'alisu, gialsiminu, e cosi boni.
E si manca di russu iu culuri,
Di vina in vina mi vogiu svinari.
Jettu un suspiru e fazzu peni oscuri,
Alu beddu c'aju amatu, e voghiu amari.

TRANSLATION.

Oh! that to me the painter's art
Some friendly genius would impart!
From every flower that decks the grove
I'd gather hues to paint my love,
The rose should lend its purple glow;
The lily give it's tints of snow;
And if of crimson I had need,
I'd cause my very veins to bleed;
And where I'd wish a shade to trace,
I'd breathe a sigh upon the place;
For many a fervent sigh I've paid
To my long lov'd, still cherish'd maid.

SELECTED.

Howl on ye winds that rudely hurl
The storm about my cot,
I'll closer press my lovely girl
And bless my happy lot.

'Though you unroof our little shed,
I'll fold her from your rage,
Whilst love, the guardian of our bed,
Shall all your force assuage.

I'll tell her fiercer storms shall rend
The proud ambitious great,
Whose lofty heads must learn to bend
Amidst the pomp of state,

We'll envy not the rich, my girl,
The proud, the great, the gay;
But learn to live, and love as well,
Nay, better far than they.

Richer than their's our hearts shall be,
And purer far our bliss;

Then let the great ones envy me
When those sweet lips I kiss.

Tho' mutual toil must spread our board,
Content and peace shall bless it,
And if such joy no rank afford,
Why let the lordling guess it. J. H.

THE EVENING WALK.

Written by the late Thomas Dermody, in the twelfth year of his age.

Now breathes along the vale a keener breeze,
Now smokes the chimney bosom'd in the trees,
The frugal rush-light thro' the lattice gleams,
And twilight chequers in the dusky streams ;
While, lonely, o'er the furrow'd plain I roam,
And seek behind yon hill, my little home,
Where dimpled love upbraids my lingering stay,
And childhood fears my devious foot astray—
How solitary sweet thy beauties, Eve,
When noise and sport the darkling landscape leave;
Thy tender, temperate glow of soften'd day,
Thy gleams that melt in blushing tints away,
Meek hand-maid of the sun, thy charms I woe
And 'mid thy glooms the soul of wisdom view—
Whose shadowy hand directs to musing cell,
Where peace retir'd and hermit silence dwell,
Lulling to rest reflection's aching head,
From wordly revels, wordly torments fled !
The bleating fold, the shepherd's distant song,
Loud caroll'd round his hearth to rustic throng,
The lover's flute in mellower cadence fade,
And call a gentler echo from the shade ;
While shelter'd safely from the dewy sky,
Rock'd in their leafy beds, the plumy people lie.
Now mad debauch thro' tow'ring cities goes,
Startling the labour'd artist's short repose,
And pride's bright torches, flashing through the air
Like meteors sparkle in the stately square ;
Nor heeds full pride the pallid groupes that lie
Discarded, shrinking from the curious eye,
Tho' at the dawn grim death himself may come,
And hurry from the palace to the tomb.
Precarious pomp ! how insolently frail
To the poor pleasures of my native vale,
Where vice, nor grim remorse can dare to spring,
Nor guileless plenty feel oppression's sting;
Happy the hamlet round, no ruffian voice
Unseals the slumb'ring lid with ruder noise,
Save when the watch-dog bays the fleeting beam
Of the moon, glimm'ring in the stilly stream ;
Or, herald of the morn, the shrill cock crows,
Or, at the gate, the early heifer lows !
For them approaches night, a source of care,
To aid the poison'd bait, the murd'rous snare ;
For us, when clouds the misty meadows sweep,
She only brings the balmy boon of sleep,
Calm-vision'd sleep, that can at once control
The languid body, and the restless soul !